

# DAILY UNION VEDETTTE.

A champion, brave, alert and strong. To aid the right, oppose the wrong.

Vol. 1.] Camp Douglas, U. T., Tuesday Morning, February 2, 1864. [No. 23.

## Daily Union Vedette,

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING, EXCEPT SUNDAYS,  
—AT—  
**CAMP DOUGLAS, UTAH TERRITORY,**  
—BY—  
**OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN,**  
—OF THE—  
**California & Nevada Territory Volunteers**

Terms of Subscription:  
One copy one month, . . . \$1 00  
One copy three months, . . . 2 75  
One copy six months, . . . 5 00  
Rates of Advertising:  
Ten lines or less, one insertion, . . . \$ 1 50  
Ten lines or less, each subsequent insertion, . . . 1 00  
One-fourth column, one month, . . . 15 00  
One-half column, one month, . . . 25 00  
One column, one month, . . . 45 00  
Business Cards, per month, . . . 5 00

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Mr. L. W. A. COLE is our Carrier and Soliciting Agent for Great Salt Lake City.

**DENTISTRY.**  
DR. WY. H. GROVES, late of San Francisco, Cal., Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist. Office, next door to the National Hotel, G. S. L. City. nov27th

**C. CLIVE,**  
**MERCHANT TAILOR.**  
Main St. opposite the Town Clock, G. S. L. C.  
CLOTHING of all kinds made and repaired in the highest style of art.  
Particular attention paid to the manufacture of Officers' Military Uniforms. djan7th

**DAGUERREAN GALLERY.**  
D. BECKWITH, HAS THE PLEASURE OF announcing to the public, that he is now prepared to take  
**PICTURES OF ALL KINDS**  
In the daguerrean art, at prices to suit.  
Gallery opposite the Commissary Store, at Camp Douglas, U. T. jan20th

**CAMP DOUGLAS**  
Shaving, Shampooing, and Hair-Cutting  
**SALOON.**  
JOHN TAUFER has the pleasure of announcing to the residents of Camp Douglas and vicinity, that he has again opened his Shaving, Shampooing and Hair-Cutting Saloon, and is now prepared to attend to the wants of all those who will favor him with a call. dec18-13m

**UNION HOUSE.**  
ON Main Street, G. S. L. City, one door north of the U. S. Subsistence Storehouse. Meals at all hours, and at the most reasonable rates.  
**OSTER SUPPERS**  
Served up on the shortest notice, and in first rate style. djan5th  
T. R. MILLER & CO.

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THE undersigned thanks his numerous friends for past patronage, and trusts by strict attention to business and good workmanship, to merit a continuance of their favors.  
Gold and Silver worked with every design of jewelry. W. JONES.  
Two doors south of the U. S. Subsistence Storehouse, Main Street, Great Salt Lake City. djan9th

**WILLIAM MAUGER**  
HAS the pleasure of announcing to the public that he is prepared to perform all work entrusted to him, with neatness and dispatch. Watches repaired and warranted to keep good time. All Jewelry repaired by him he guarantees to give satisfaction.  
Gold and Silver Watches, Gold Chains, Watch Guards, Ladies' Watches, Broastpins, Finger Rings, Brooches, Gold Studs, Sleeve Buttons, etc. In fact every thing to be found at a Jeweler's Store, for sale at his shop at Camp Douglas, U. T. jan19th

**COAL NOTICE.**  
G. W. CARLETON, WM. GALBRAITH.  
NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned are now prepared to deliver at their mine on East Weber, a first rate quality of Stone Coal at the rate of Five (5) dollars per ton. We guarantee this Coal of a quality superior to any in the Territory. A large portion of our Coal is identical with the famous Cannon Coal. Orders may be left either at the mine or at the Telegraph Office, G. S. L. City. jan15, 16th 2mdh  
CARLETON & GALBRAITH.

[From the Chicago Evening Journal.]  
**CHATTANOOGA CHAT.**

**A Flag of Truce—Incidents of the Conference—Friendly Pickets—Our Knowing Rebel Neighbors—A Little Drama—Short Rations.**

BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

Did you ever go out with a flag of truce? If not, let me give you a touch of a new experience. A group of rebel horsemen approach our pickets on the Rossville road, with a white flag. They are halted, wheeled about, their backs to the Federal lines, their rank demanded, and a messenger dispatched to head-quarters, announcing the arrival, and asking if the flag will be received. If disposed to grant an interview, a Federal officer, of equal rank with the bearer of the message, is sent out, and, if fortunate, you accompany him. Lieut. Col. Fullerton, Granger's Chief of Staff, is the flag officer, and you cannot well get in better company.

As you ride up, it surprises you a little to see each salute the flag; surprises you more to see that they shake hands and smile like old friends; surprises you most when a rebel officer produces a bottle of wine and challenges his *vis-a-vis* to a stirrup-cup. The officers bearing and receiving the message dismount, move apart and confer. The errand may be to pass a lady through our lines to the North, or to propose a four-and-twenty hours' armistice, or to play a card or two in "the game of Bragg." If the last, as was the case just before Missionary Ridge, the bearer of the card is a trifle more stiff and stately, and the good cheer is not forthcoming.

But, usually, the little side conference over, the groups meet and mingle on that hand's breadth of neutral ground, spend a few moments in conversation apparently free and frank, salute each other and wheel away, returning each to his own. The white flags have hardly flickered out of sight, when, blow, great guns! Look-out may growl, and Moccasin Point crack a merry whip.

While the interview continues, the pickets lean upon their muskets and look on. Dark-blue clusters watch it from the parapets of forts in sight, and the enemy crawl out of their rifle-pits, like brown and gray rats, and look on too. It is a grateful breathing spell for all colors. Colonel Fullerton and a rebel officer are talking of old days.

They were once neighbors and friends in St. Louis. They belonged to a young men's club in that city; there were thirty of them. Among them were Frost, now Major General in rebellion, and John Morgan's brains, to wit: Basil Duke. Twenty-six of them turned traitor; Colonel Fullerton and the three other true hearted comrades stood by the old flag. Even your correspondent has two classmates over yonder on Mission Ridge; one of them a Colonel from the Palmetto State, the other risen to the infamous dignity of a rebel General. Also, for the days that are no more!

A wonderful change has been wrought in the tone of these bearers of the white flag within eighteen months. Once they were sure and defiant; now they are desperate and wolfish. It has been Colonel Fullerton's fortune to have large experience in truce con-

ferences, and almost always to meet friends of "auld lang syne," and the waning of the moon was never so apparent as the dwindling of their hope. In one of his latest interviews at Chattanooga, a rebel officer who, a year ago, breathed fire and smoke as if James Watt had made him, lungs and all, admitted that he believed the grand dream of the Confederacy as a power on earth had "gone up;" but "I tell you," said he, "we mean to die hard; we shall fight it out."

Flags of truce and the bearing of hostile pickets toward each other always puzzle a civilian. He cannot imagine how men can stand with front to front, that may turn upon each other any hour, even as the upper and nether millstones, and grind out life and heart like grain, and not bear, man to man, the deadliest hate. And yet nothing can be farther from the truth. Right on the eve of the battle, Federal pickets contentedly munched biscuit that rebel neighbors-in-law had tossed to them; and an examination of many a plug of Indian weed in a picket's pocket would have shown the rebel's teeth at one end, and a "Yankee's" at the other.

The small currency of gibe and joke passed as freely among them as it does around a steamboat landing in the "piping times of peace," and I half fancied that a sort of rough, rude friendship might have sprung up among some of them. Perhaps I told you that, on Monday, the day of our reconnaissance in force, when the Federal skirmish line moved out, the rebel pickets stood leaning upon their guns, and looked wonderingly upon them, and not till our advancing line was tipped with fire, did they seem to get the idea that serious work, work with blood and death in it, was actually beginning.

Now and then, a little human smile brightens war's grim visage, like a flash of sunshine in an angry day. I remember one that I wish I could daguerreotype. The amenities of battle are so few, how precious they become! Let me give you that little "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." A few months ago, the 3d Ohio, belonging to Streight's command, entered a town *en route* for Richmond, prisoners of war. Worn down, famished, hearts heavy and haversacks light, they were herded, "like dumb, driven cattle," to wear out the night. A rebel regiment, the 54th Virginia, being camped near by, many of its men came strolling about to see the sorry show of poor, supperless Yankees.

They did not stare long, but hastened away to camp, and came streaming back with coffee-kettles, corn-bread and bacon—the best they had, and all they had—and straightway little fires began to twinkle, bacon was suffering the martyrdom of the Saint of the Gridiron, and the aroma of coffee rose like the fragrant cloud of a thank-offering. Loyal guests and rebel hosts were mingled; our hungry boys ate and were satisfied, and, for that one night, our common humanity stood acquitted of the heavy charge of total depravity, with which it is blackened. Night and our boys departed together; the prisoners in due time were exchanged, and are now encamped within rifle shot of Kelly's ferry, on the bank of the Tennessee. But often, around the camp-fires, I have heard them talk

of the Fifty-fourth Virginia, that proved themselves so immeasurably better "than a brother affair off;" heard them wonder where they were, and discuss the chance that they might ever meet.

When they denounced the "damnable Johnny Rebs," the name of one regiment, you may be sure was tucked away in a snug place, quite out of the range of hard words.

And now comes the sequel that makes a beautiful poem of the whole of it. On the day of the storming of Mission Ridge, among the prisoners was the Fifty-fourth Virginia, and on Friday, it trailed away across the pontoon bridge and along the mountain road, nine miles to Kelly's Ferry. Arrived there, it settled upon the bank like wasps, awaiting the boat. A week elapsed, and your correspondent followed suit.

The Major of the Third Ohio welcomed me to the warm hospitalities of his quarters, and almost the first thing he said was, "you should have been here last Friday; you missed the denouement of the beautiful little drama of ours, whose first act I have told you. Will you believe that the 54th Virginia has been here? Some of our boys were on duty at the landing when it arrived. 'What regiment is this?' they asked, and when the reply was given, they started for camp like quarter-horses, and shouted as they rushed in and out among the smokey cones of the 'Sibleys,' the 54th Virginia is at the Ferry! The camp swarmed in three minutes. Treasures of coffee, bacon, sugar, beef, preserved peaches, everything were turned out 'in force,' and you may believe they went laden with plenty, at the double-quick to the Ferry."

The same old scene, and yet how strangely changed. The twinkling fires, the grateful incense, the hungry captives, but guests and hosts had changed places; the star-lit folds floated aloft for the "bonny blue flag;" a debt of honor was paid to the utmost farthing. If they had a triumph of arms at Chattanooga, hearts were trumps at Kelley's Ferry. And there it was that horrid war smiled a human smile, and a grateful, gentle light flickered for a moment on the point of the bayonet. And yet, should the 54th Virginia return to-morrow with arms in their hands, to the Tennessee, the 3d Ohio would meet them on the bank, fight them foot to foot, and beat them back with rain so pitiless the river would run red!

No elbow pagans in a little village at the hateful age of gossip, who divine each other's breakfast by the smell of the kitchen smokes, ever knew more of their neighbor's business than the hordes on Mission Ridge and Lookout seemed to know of ours. On Sunday night before the battle, rations of "hard tack" and eighty rounds of ammunition had been issued. It had a serious look and augured work on Monday morning. That very Sunday night, an Indiana regiment went out to picket duty, and the first salutation from the rebel line was, "Ho, hol you Yanks think of fighting, do you? Got eighty rounds, did you, and hard bread to match!" There were five thousand loyal men in Chattanooga at that moment, to whom it would have been the freshest of news!

Have I told you how I tried to get out of sight of Lookout, one day, (Continued to Fourth Page.)



# DAILY UNION VEDETTE.

Tuesday Morning, February 2, 1864.

## A WORD TO SOME OF OUR READERS.

On other occasions we have said pleasant things in our homely way to our patrons; we propose now to address a few words to another class of readers. We know that the *Vedette* is an intensely interesting sheet, and as our subscription list swells, and keeps swelling (we keep our editorial head profusely bandaged) until it (the list, not the head) has attained the full proportions of a prosperous journal, we can't help thinking how many debar themselves of lighter pleasures in order to send us their dollar a month. Of this we are duly sensible and grateful, and in it acknowledge a proper pride. But then, it grieves us that there are some folks in the city too mean, (we don't think they are too poor) to subscribe for the *Daily*. And yet strange to say they have so great a passion for our little pet, that they can't resist snaking it out from under the door sill, or filching it from the garden of our *bona fide* subscribers. Now this isn't just the thing, in a Saintly or moral burg like Salt Lake City. In the first place, it isn't convenient to anybody. The miserable devil who does it, has to get up very early in the morning, breaking his natural rest, and spend a half hour sneaking around town, or watching round a corner, to successfully carry on his petty pilferings. It isn't good economy either. If he would just spend in some honest work, a quarter of the time thus wasted, he could earn twice over the amount of subscription, and have his own paper and not somebody's else to read at his matutinal meal. He would too, have a better conscience, and could more properly commend our good things to his wife and little ones. Then the honest subscriber wouldn't be in a fidget about his lost paper—wouldn't be compelled to get in a rage with our accommodating Carrier, for "not leaving this morning's paper;" wouldn't have to look blank and say nothing but "swear" when the first little knot of people he meets are laughing over something "remarkably good" in this morning's paper, but which he hasn't yet seen. In fact it is bad business all around. It's terribly provoking. It's costly to us—both in money and temper. It's mean; deuced mean; scaly; villainous and "altogether intolerable and not to be endured." More than that the thing's got to be stopped, and we mean to stop it. Now we are the most amiable individual possible, and to prove it, we are induced to say, that if there is in all this wide domain a solitary person who can't afford to pay for the *Vedette*, yet who finds he can't get along in good health and peace of mind without it, we will furnish him with a copy gratis, if he will make known his "habitation and his name." We say this in all kindness and earnestness, and if complaints hereafter continue to reach us, as they have heretofore, about our papers being stolen—that's the word—we'll not only think you ungrateful and thoroughly abandoned, but will catch and punish you.

We hope nobody will read this but the folks to whom it's addressed, viz:

### PETTY PILFERERS

and newspaper purloiners. Our legitimate charges for subscription are moderate and within most people's means. The blank paper on which our lucubrations are writ, costs nearly as much as we demand for it printed and filled with our choicest things. Still we can afford to be magnanimous, and we make the above proposition. If any miserable scrub with enough wit to like our writings, and too little honesty to refrain from pilfering from his neighbor's door his neighbor's *Vedette*, can be caught, we'll publish his name in full, in small caps, with a highly interesting biography and account of his exploits. What else we'll do with him, we won't say just now. But he had better take our advice and warning, or he'll think sure enough that the D—l is after him.

### TO OUR HONEST SUBSCRIBERS.

P. S. We have made ample arrangement with the city detective police for the apprehension of the miscreants who purloin our papers from your doors, and the first one caught will be made an example of, for the benefit of society, the good of humanity, the protection of subscribers, and the vindication of the great principles of justice.

ARRIVAL EXTRAORDINARY.—We chronicle the arrival in the City of "Prof. Washington Simmons, Oriental Necromancer and Modern Thaumaturgist," which, being liberally translated, means a chap that does all sorts of queer things which, if he did not assure us were purely sleight of hand, we would ascribe to Satanic influences. Mr. Simmons travels and performs without any machinery or fold-rol, and does the most wonderful things in the most wonderful way. Yesterday he met us in the street and took a dozen or two, more or less, full grown eggs out from under our shirt collar, in the queerest and most nonchalant manner imaginable; which we didn't think at all remarkable, as we had just been deeply cogitating over Hingston's last "lay." We incontinently claimed the hen fruit as our own, and, determined to have custard pie for dinner, instantly pocketed them; what was our surprise, however, to find, a few minutes later, that the weird Warlock had transferred them to his own pockets, though we had all the time kept him at a respectful distance. A. Ward, who happened to be with us, whispered in our ear that it was a most eggstraordinary proceeding—per Simmons. The Thaumaturgist, proposes to give the folks of City and Camp an entertainment or two, before he leaves, and we therefore refrain from explaining how it is he makes weird letters of blood appear upon his arm, or the hundred other strange things he does so expertly, as to deceive anybody—but a newspaper editor, who knows it all, or who at least lets on he does.

THE WHOLE HOG OR NOTHING, is not our motto. Hence we were duly grateful when on yesterday we received a fine lot of juicy and toothsome pork tenderloins. After making diligent inquiry, about town, we ascertained that Mr. Jennings, of the City, had killed that enormous pig of his; a little darling which has attracted so much attention for the last few weeks from admirers of porcine monstrosities. The enormous creature, after being dressed, weighed 990 lbs. 6 oz., and graced the market with his portly presence, dressed much in the style of "the Menkin" in Mazeppa, viz: with a piece of blue ribbon 'round the neck and waist. Porter Rockwell has a similar large piggy, and he and Jennings came very near making a bet as to which weighed the most—the Jennings pet or the Rockwell shoat. The only trouble was that they could find nobody to hold the *steaks*—they were so large.

P. S. The above interesting item and profound acknowledgment was written by the Editor for last Christmas' paper, but got mislaid till to-day. But as it was true then, it can't be untrue now, so it is squeezed in.

(Signed,) THE DEVIL.

NOTICE.—We call attention to the business card of Mr. Greer, who keeps all sorts of home produce and good things generally, at his variety store, Main street, Salt Lake City.

A GOOD WORD FOR OUR CAMP THEATER.—We give below a short notice of the theatrical performances in Camp, and hope theatergoers will heed the advice, and patronize home institutions. The building, troupe scenery, etc., are creditable to the Camp, but cannot be properly sustained unless patronized by home folks. We trust the Camp Theater will be rightly filled:

Camp Douglas, Feb. 1st, '64.

As the efforts of our little troupe of Theatricals in Camp have become obscure through the superior brilliancy of the city Theater, and its beautiful scenery, and the Officers and Soldiers seem to have forgotten that there is such a place of amusement but a few steps from the Quarters, I feel it to be a duty to say a word or two to Theatergoers of Camp, that they should not forget to patronize the efforts of the little company, composed of members of the command, principally. For my part, I was never more amused at the great city attraction, than I was at the performance on Saturday evening, given by the Soldiers at Camp. The domestic drama of Toodles was put upon the board in good style—Mr. Pardey's delineation of Tim Toodles was as good as I have ever witnessed. George Acom (Mr. White) was well rendered, and the minor parts were done respectably. I hope to see a better house when the next performance takes place. A SOLDIER.

ARRIVAL.—An emigrant train of four wagons, en route for Bannack mines, arrived in the City Sunday morning, under charge of J. B. Phelps, having been fifty-three days coming from Denver. They report the snow very deep, and in many places had to break roads for several miles. They propose remaining here until the roads north are a little more open, and then wend their way to the northern gold mines.

BALL.—Company B, 1st Nevada Volunteers, will give a ball at their company quarters this evening, Feb. 2d. The floor will be under the management of R. C. White, J. McCormac and D. Sweeney. Ample preparations have been made for a jolly time. The *Vedette* acknowledges the receipt of a complimentary ticket.

THE SET OF THE TIDE.—On the 2d day of December the Newburyport Herald, a paper which has persistently opposed all those measures and purposes usually denominated "Radical," and favored the most scrupulous "Conservatives," gave utterance to the following language:

"Three years ago to-day John Brown died—executed for treason by order of Henry A. Wise, who, since then, has been one of the chief of traitors. Then the great majority of the country declared his execution just; now that same majority urges the war for the accomplishment of the same end that he had in view. What a change has come over us in three years! Then slavery was rampant in Washington, and now emancipation is the word on the same spot where the Goddess of Liberty is represented as bending over to unshackle a negro. Then Wendell Phillips dared not go to Charlestown to defend John Brown, but Vallandigham was there to question him. Now Wendell Phillips would be welcomed in that city, and Vallandigham, an exile from the country, if caught there would be thrust into the same cell that Brown occupied, and possible hanged on the same tree. Who says John Brown's soul is not marching on?"

A Yankee who has just commenced the study of Italian, wants to know how it is that, if they have no w in their language, "them chaps spell wagon?"

## THE LITTLE MAIDEN'S SONG.

Oh I'm in a quandary,  
Pray what shall I do?  
I'm pining—I'm dying  
For want of a beau.  
Yet here I sit waiting  
For some one to woo;  
Till out of all patience,  
Oh! what shall I do?

They say I am graceful,  
Accomplished and fair,  
But why possess beauty,  
Which no one will share?  
My voice, too, they flatter,  
Is charming and clear;  
But useless is singing  
When no beaux are near.

I dress with the fashion,  
I smile and I sigh  
When any young fellow  
By chance passes by,  
I can dance, and I flirt,  
At times talk sense, too;  
Yet none come to love me,  
Oh! what shall I do?

Oh, I'm in a quandary,  
Kind sir, cannot you  
Teach me how I can catch  
A "love of a beau?"  
For my little heart feels  
So lonely and sad,  
To think I'm quite sixteen  
And no beau!—'tis too bad!

## SATAN'S ROAST.

They've had high times in H—ll.  
If I can trust what late dispatches tell;  
For Jeff, and Floyd, and Yancey,  
Had just arrived—which tickled Satan's fancy.  
He gave his imps a regular blow-out;  
Then ordered them some extra coals to throw  
That they might better heat the fires  
To roast those rival traitors, thieves and liars.  
One night of rest, and on the morrow (sorrow,  
They'd find whom they had rivaled to their  
And thereupon old Satan locked them in—  
And went his way to sow more death and sin;  
But what dismay in H—ll when morning broke,  
And Satan found his roast would end in smoke!  
For Floyd had picked the lock—had stolen  
All the coals,  
The grates, bars, matches, and some twenty  
thousand souls!

An epitaph which graces the church-yard of Moreton-in-the-Marsh runs thus:

"Here lies the bones of Richard Sawton,  
Whose death, alas! was strangely brought on;  
Trying, one day, his corns to mow off,  
The razor slipped, and cut his toe off,  
His toe—or rather what it grew to—  
An inflammation quickly flew to—  
Which took, alas! to mortifying,  
And was the cause of Richard's dying."

A melancholy yet a sublime incident is connected with the last hours of General Buford's life. When Mr. Lincoln was informed by Clement B. Barclay, of Pennsylvania, that the sands of the existence of this gallant soldier was fast running out, "Too late for rescue, and too true for doubt," the President took a card, addressed it to the Secretary of War, and directed that officer to appoint Brigadier General Buford a Major General in the American army. He wrote upon the card these words: "I am informed that General Buford will not survive the day. It suggests itself to me that he be made a Major General for distinguished and meritorious services at the battle of Gettysburg." Mr. Barclay carried this welcome assurance to the dying hero, and had the satisfaction of breathing into his ear the fact that his sacrifice of sufferings for his Government had not been forgotten by the Chief Magistrate of the Nation.

INTERESTING TO OFFICE SEEKERS.—While President Lincoln was confined to his house, with the varioloid, some friends called to sympathize with him, especially on the character of his disease. "Yes," he said, "it is a bad disease, but it has its advantages. For the first time since I have been in office, I have something now to give to everybody that calls."

A WESTERN paper says: "wanted, at this office, an editor who can please every body. Also, a foreman who can so arrange the paper as to allow every man's advertisement to head the column."



## BY OVERLAND TELEGRAPH.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO DAILY VEDETTE.]

### Supply Train Captured by Rebels.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31st.

Despatches received by the War Department from Gen. Kelley's command, states, that a supply train on its way to Petersburg, was attacked by a rebel force, and after a severe resistance on the part of the escort, was captured by the rebels. A force has been dispatched in pursuit of the rebels.

### Expected attack on Port Hudson and Baton Rouge.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31st.

An Orleans letter says: No signs of a forward movement of our army. The same correspondent says, an attack is expected at Port Hudson and Baton Rouge. Large re-enforcements have been sent there.

### From Charleston.

CHARLESTON, Jan. 28th.

Five shells was fired at the city last night. The enemy are still at work on batteries at Cummings' Point and hauling ammunition to Gregg and Cummings' Point batteries. There is no change in the position of the fleet on the 24th. One shot an hour was fired on the city, and seven on Sumter. One hundred and three fuse shells was fired on the city on the 21st.

### From Mexico.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31st.

Havana advices report Juarez at Monterey, and would retire to Texas if hard pushed. News from St. Domingo, reports no fighting there.

### Another Draft of 500,000 men ordered.—Obstructions in Charleston not Removed.

CHICAGO, Feb. 1st.

Washington, Feb. 1st. It is ordered that a draft of five hundred thousand men to serve three years or during the war, be made on the 10th day of March, next, for military service of the United States. Crediting and deducting therefrom so many as may have been enlisted or drafted into the service prior to the 1st of March and not heretofore credited.

(Signed.) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From information recently received at the Navy Department, it appears that very few obstructions at Charleston has been washed away, about three hundred feet of obstructions floated down at one time, and all that has drifted towards our fleet were rafts built by rebels for the purpose of crippling vessels.

### In Relation to the Draft.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1st.

Under the call of October for three hundred thousand men about half have been filled by volunteer and re-enlistments. A call is now made for half a million—interpreted by gentlemen acquainted with military affairs, to include the above mentioned call, being, in effect, an additional call for two hundred thousand. Volunteering is supposed to furnish, at present, an average of two thousand per day.

### Death.

St. Louis, Jan. 31st.

Governor Gamble died to-day.

### Correction as to Enlistments.

CHICAGO, Feb. 1st.

The statement telegraphed a few days since, that a hundred thousand men had enlisted in October, is believed erroneous. The dispatch probably meant to say that a hundred thousand men had enlisted since October, which is pretty near truth.

### Hasty Retreat of Longstreet.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 31.

An officer, just from Knoxville, reports about a week since the rebels drove off eight hundred cattle, within three miles of Knoxville; also says, our army writer apprehends no attack. A reconnoissance, made last Sunday, discovered Longstreet had made a hasty retreat, and gone beyond Danbridge.

### General News.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1st.

Special to the Tribune, says intelligence of the proceedings of the Arkansas Convention having reached the President after he had written a letter to Gen. Steel, another letter was written, not materially different, but so altered as to approve the action of the Convention.

A special to the Times says: That the Secretary of the Treasury will soon declare the ports of Newbern, Brownsville and Fernandina, re-opened to the commerce of the world.

The Whisky men here are confident that the Senate Finance Committee will greatly modify that portion of the House Revenue Bill, taxing liquors on hand.

### Probable Fall of Mobile.

Huntsville, Ala., Jan. 31.

I have just arrived from Chattanooga. Before leaving, Gen. Palmer had returned from a reconnoissance to Ringgold and Dalton. The main force of the enemy had undoubtedly left. Gen. Palmer it was thought, had gone towards Longstreet for the purpose of invading Kentucky. Since arriving here I have obtained information which satisfies me that Hardee reinforced Mobile. An attack will undoubtedly be made on Mobile. Within five days past persons here have solicited permission to go through the lines to attend relations wounded at Mobile. Positive information may soon be anticipated of an attack on that place and its probable fall.

### It Won't Work.

Baltimore, Feb. 1st.

The American is assured by a gentleman just from Richmond, who has gone to Washington to communicate with the Government, that the rebel authorities are taking steps to propose to the Federal Government to lay down arms, provided, the President's Amnesty Proclamation is extended to the leaders.

ARTEMUS AND BETSY JANE.—In an affecting account of his courting with Betsy Jane, Artemus Ward says:

"There were a great many affectin' ties which made me hanker after Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined ourn; their cows and ourn quenched their thirst at the same spring; both our old mares had stars in their foreheads; the measles broke out in both families at nearly the same time; our parents (Betsy Jane's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meetin' house, and the nabors used to observe 'How thick the Wards and Peasels air!' It's a sublime sight in the spring of the year to see our several mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so that they couldn't sile 'em, affectshunitedly bilin' soap together and aboosing the nabors."

Some people are so fond of ill luck that they run nine-tenths of the way to meet it.

**GETTING OLD.**—Did you ever consult the mirror to ascertain whether you were growing old—to detect, if you could, a pair of feet, and a crow's at that, at the corners of your eyes—to see if that gray hair somebody charged you with having yesterday was nothing but a peculiar reflection of the light and not much whiter than the ace of spades after all? But the mirror is nothing to go to for information; it reflects to very little purpose. If you would know what age is doing for you, look upon the face of a friend you have not seen in ten years, and the story is as plain as a pike staff! There is something or other about him you cannot quite understand; his features are a little sharper, the expression of his eyes a little colder, of his brow a little harder, of his mouth a little firmer. To be sure his laugh hasn't gone, but a tooth or two has. He is the same, yet not the same, but yet somewhat harder and rougher, and not so much of him as of old. But the strangest of all is his hand. That has grown older faster than his face. How soft and smooth it used to be, you remember, and plump as a parturient. There was a tracery of blue veins upon the back of it, and you and he used to read each other's fortunes and life-journeys in the meandering currents that flowed on so quietly just under the surface; but it is more like a crow now, as if he used it in digging; then it is as brown as October; the full rounded muscle has shrunk away from the veins, and they stand out like ridges in a fallow. Veins, indeed; they look like a handful of whipcord. There is a knotty feel about the joints, as if you were grasping a handful of walnuts. Then, again, his hair has grown wiry, or bristly, or gray, or something that it was not, for the truth is it is growing upon an old head. You think, as you look at him, "is it possible," and he keeps you company with his wonder, "how can it be," and in that look you have seen yourself as he sees you, as they all see you, as you are.

**A COMPLIMENT TO AMERICAN GENTLEMEN.**—An accomplished English lady, in a recent contribution to Frazer's Magazine, says: "If any time I needed to find a gentleman who should aid me in my little difficulties of travel, or show me a kindness with that consideration of a woman which is the true tone of manly courtesy, then I should desire to find a North American gentleman. They are simply the most kind and courteous of any people."

**MA.** A man asked another, "Which is the heaviest, a quart of gin or a quart of water?" "Gin, most assuredly, for I saw a man who weighs two hundred pounds staggering under a quart of gin, when he would have carried a gallon of water with ease."

### POTATOES FOR SALE!

**BUTTER, FLOUR, CORN MEAL, HAMS, CHEESE** and a general assortment of Produce constantly on hand and for sale at  
GREER'S Variety Store,  
East Side of Main Street,  
Great Salt Lake City.

feb2-1mp

### Bannack Restaurant and Eating House.

THE citizens of Great Salt Lake City, and the traveling public are respectfully informed that the  
Bannack Restaurant and Eating House,  
situated on Main street, opposite the Salt Lake House, is now open, and the proprietor is prepared to furnish Board and Lodging on reasonable terms.  
jan5-1f J. D. BAYLIES.

### WANTED.

HAY and Wood, at Camp Douglas, by  
jan5-dwtf WALKER BROS.

### NOTICE.

**Mining Certificates, Stock etc.**—Having received Plates, Cuts, Bank note paper and other material from California, we are now prepared to execute in the finest style, certificates of stock for Mining Companies incorporated either in this Territory, California, or Nevada.

**ALL THE NECESSARY PRINTING** for Mining Companies executed with neatness, and dispatch and on reasonable terms.

## THEATER!!

### GREATER SALT LAKE CITY!!

PERFORMANCES EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS.

GREAT COMBINATION OF TALENT.

The Popular Artists, MR. and MRS. S. M. IRWIN, and MR. B. SNOW, are engaged.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEB. 3rd, 1864.

Will be presented the Beautiful play in 5 Acts,

### LOVE'S SACRIFICE or The Rival Merchants.

MARGARET ELMORE . . . . . MRS. S. M. IRWIN  
MATHEW ELMORE . . . . . MR. B. SNOW  
EUGENE DE LORME . . . . . MR. S. M. IRWIN  
Other characters by MESSRS. CAINE, CLAWSON, MACKENZIE, WHITNEY and MESSDAIRES WOODMANSEE, CLAWSON and ROMNEY.

To Conclude with the laughable Farce,

### The Trials of Tompkins.

Characters by MESSRS. CLAWSON, MARGARET, SIMMONS, Mrs. CLAWSON and MISS ALEXANDER.

Doors open at quarter past six; Curtain rises at seven o'clock. Box Office open every day for sale of tickets.

## RANSOHOFF & BRO.,

MAIN STREET, GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY.

Now offer to the Public one of the Best Assorted and Largest Stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Fancy and Staple Articles,

Ever Brought to this Territory.

Selected With Especial View to this Market!

AT RATES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

A Full Assortment of

## MERCHANDISE,

Including

Fancy Articles, Dress Goods, Trimmings, Groceries, Hardware and Crockery.

In Fact Everything Desirable, Necessary and Useful from Needles up to Cooking Stoves; from Finest Laces and Silks to Calicoes, Collars and

## WOOLEN GOODS.

Give us a Call, and see our Prices.

nvo27dtf

RANSOHOFF & BRO.

## VEDETTE SILVER AND COPPER MINING Company.

AT A MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS HELD THIS day, an assessment of Ten Cents per foot was levied, and made payable to the Secretary and Treasurer, on or before the 1st day of February next.

HENRY O. PRATT,  
Salt Lake City, Jan. 19th, 1864. Sec. & Treas.  
jan21dwtf

## DENTISTRY.

THOMAS B. PEARCE, Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist, is now prepared to attend to the wants of those who favor him with a call. Teeth cleaned, fitted and extracted, or put in from one to a full set, and satisfaction given. Patronage respectfully solicited. Office a little south of the Post Office, Main street, Great Salt Lake City.

N. B.—Mrs. L. PEARCE, Plain and Fancy Seamstress, solicits the patronage of the public. She may be found in the above place.  
jan5-1f

## MANURE FOR SALE.

SEVERAL hundred loads of Manure for sale, at twenty-five cents per load, at Camp Douglas, U. T. Apply to the Post Treasurer.  
jan5-1f



without leaving Chattanooga, and that it could not be done without you turned ostrich and hid your head in the sand, or played Sancho Panza in his blessing mood, fell asleep! Climb to the top of Lookout and one half the mystery that involved the rebels' minute knowledge of our domestic matters is dispelled at once. Chattanooga is a chicken-pie with the top off; you look down into it like the father of the family at a Christmas dinner. Gaining the crest of Mission Ridge, and seeing how, from it, the rebels could have swept Chattanooga with the siege guns that we found lying lazily at Rossville, the wonder grows not so much that they were driven from their vantage ground as that they did not clear out the chicken-pie to the bottom crust.

But they fatally relied upon their formidable defenses; nature and art had conspired to make them strong and stupid, for the story of wars abundantly proves that the very bastions furnishing shelter to one army lend soul and sinew to the other. More than this: there can be no doubt that the rebel generals fancied they had us at their mercy; they looked down upon us there, one hundred and twenty-three miles from our base of supplies by a single rail; the distance eked out on thirty miles of river by three feeble little boats, and finished off at last with nine miles of mountain road. It seemed to them that somehow they were perched like one of the Fatal Stars upon the mountains, and that with one snip of the shears they could cut the slender thread, and then they would have us like a dead oyster shriveled in the shell.

And I must own to you, now it is past, that things for a while wore a doubtful look. Whether the cold rose *ad astra*, to the regions where men go about like so many Atlases, with one one or two starry worlds on their shoulders, it would not become me to state, even if I knew, but down in the ignoble realm of the stomachs of rank and file, there was, night after night, a doubt as to the morrow's dinner. Let me give you one or two facts: crossing the bridge into Chattanooga, you look up at a bold promontory, that seems to have narrowly escaped breaking the river's back, by bringing up short on its bank. The crown of that mountain was sprinkled with a little flock of tents, looking like patches of dirty snow—the camp of the 19th Illinois.

Now, for two days, those sons of thunder did duty upon parched acorns. When the horses and mules—an anatomical collection—had their noses thrust in the morning feed of corn, they were only sure of what they had in actual punishment under the grinders, for soldiers would filch it away, kernel by kernel—nay, pick up the stray grains out of the dirt, to help on the hungry day. And this sharing of rations with the "beasts that perish" was checked at last, for they looked up the corn with a bayonet! A sentry paced before the noses of the brutes, and mule and horse champed on unrobbed. Cruel as this looks at first thought, it was done in mercy to the army, and with an eye single to Federal salvation, for an army without beasts of burden and draught is as feeble as a host without banners.

Many a soldier has picked a bone out of the heap of offal in the rear of the store, at Chattanooga, occupied by Scott, Keen & Company—hidden it under his coat and slipped away as if he had been a thief! Surely, I need not—possibly I ought not to write more, but I beg you think, when you sit down to your New Year dinner—and may you partake of seventy more, and "good digestion wait on appetite" through all—of the month of lean days

at Chattanooga, and thank God that you can call those men, as the Roman did, "friends, countrymen and lovers," who, in those times, uttered not one complaint. They went to Chattanooga, not to eat, but to fight and to win!

#### New Hymn by Whittier.

The following new hymn, written by Whittier for the occasion, was sung at the dedication of the new Unitarian church, San Francisco, Rev. T. Starr King, pastor:

"Amidst these glorious works of Thine,  
The vast Sierra's cloud-hung pine,  
And awful Shasta's icy shrine—  
Where swell thy hymns from wave and gale,  
And organ thunders never fail,  
Behind the cataract's silver veil—

Our puny walls to Thee we raise,  
Our poor reed-music sounds Thy praise,  
Forgive, O Lord, our childish ways!

For, kneeling on these altar-stairs,  
We urge Thee not with selfish prayers,  
Nor murmur at our daily cares.

Before Thee, in an evil day,  
Our country's bleeding heart we lay,  
And dare not ask Thy hand to stay:

But through the war-cloud, pray to Thee  
For Union, and a Union free,  
With peace that comes of purity!

That thou wilt bare Thy arm to save,  
And, emitting through this Red Sea wave,  
Make broad a pathway for the slave!

For us, confessing all our need,  
We trust no rite nor word nor deed,  
Ner yet the broken staff of creed.

Assured alone that Thou art good  
To each, as to the multitude,  
Eternal Love and Fatherhood—

Weak, sinful, blind, to Thee we kneel,  
Stretch dumbly forth our hands, and feel  
Our weakness is our strong appeal.

So, by these Western gates of Eden  
We wait to see with Thy forgiven  
The opening Golden Gate of Heaven!

Suffice it now. Thine eye shall see  
A holier altar reared to Thee,  
And man Thy living temple be!

White flowers of love its walls shall climb,  
Soft bells of peace shall ring its chime,  
Its days shall all be holy time.

A sweeter song shall then be heard,  
The music of the world's accord  
Confessing Christ, the inward Word!

That song shall swell from shore to shore.  
One hope, one faith, one love restore  
The seamless robe that Jesus wore.

A SHOWER OF BLOOD.—A correspondent of the Chattanooga (Marietta) *Rebel*, written from General Lee's army, November, 10th, says:

Soon after our arrival at camp, the first snow storm of the season commenced, and it was accompanied by a phenomenal appearance—often spoken of but seldom seen—I allude to a so-called shower of blood. This reddish substance fell over a spot about four or five acres in extent, spattering the tents with large splashes of a fluid resembling pokeberry juice in color, and collecting in considerable quantities in the cups of dead leaves, &c.

There was a singular appearance in the north at the same time, resembling the "silver rain" of the pyrotechnists and which lasted but a few minutes. These facts can be attested by hundreds of persons, officers and men, and I enclose you some of the leaves clotted with this peculiar red substance.

REMARKABLE.—Benjamin Cox, a venerable and esteemed citizen of Salem, Mass., has died. On the late Thanksgiving day he ate his eightieth Thanksgiving dinner in the same room in which he had eaten it on every successive Thanksgiving since he was four years old, having never once been absent on account of sickness or any other cause.

What a life of happiness and honor is that of the husbandman—a life fed by the bounty of earth and sweetened with the airs of heaven.

Conscience, be it ever so little a worm through our lives, grows suddenly to a serpent on our death-bed.

#### The Affair of the Chesapeake.

The Halifax *Citizen* characterizes the capture of the Chesapeake as "sheer piracy," and puts the case to the Cecesh blue-noses who complain and befriend the pirates in the following strong light:

"Suppose that on board the Arabia, which sailed from Halifax yesterday, two thirds of the passengers were members of the 'Fenian Brotherhood.' Suppose that they, armed to the teeth, should suddenly surprise the unsuspecting officers of the ship, and, every circumstance of confusion in an unarmed crew assisting this combination of equal numbers and superior arms, the steamer should become their prey, and its crew and prisoners to be got rid of in some Northern ports. Where is the man among us who would not hesitate to denounce such a capture as atrocious piracy! Who would not feel satisfied to hear of a British frigate swiftly pursuing the pirates, and bringing back the Arabia to Cunard's wharf, with the ringleaders of the plot swinging at the yard-arm? And yet such fellows could justify their course as fully as the captors of the Chesapeake."

The Halifax *Morning Sun* of the 18th, in speaking of the affair, says:

"When intelligence of the Chesapeake's first capture was received here, the cold blooded murder of her second engineer excite, and we think very justly, the indignation of a large number of our citizens. Since then various statements have been made for the purpose of palliating the crime, one of which is that the second engineer was armed with a revolver, and discharged it several times, wounding one of the Southerners. A writer in the *Citizen* last evening, repeats the story, and states that all the crew of the steamer were armed with revolvers. This seems extremely improbable, and the whole story is directly at variance with the particulars given us yesterday by Captain Nichols and two of his officers. They state, on the authority of the engineer now on board the Chesapeake that the first shot fired was at a fireman in the engine room, and when the second engineer heard the discharge he turned round and said 'Stop your d—d fooling,' and, while passing into the engine room, was shot. Looking at the matter as we do in the light of a piratical act, we cannot but feel pleased that the vessel has been taken; but we much regret the escape of the desperadoes who were guilty of the murder."

"STARTLING FROM IRELAND."—Under this head one of the New York papers publishes the following: The *Cork Examiner*, a well-informed paper, publishes some rather startling news. It says: "A rumor is being spread through various parts of the country that Ireland is on the eve of a revolution or rebellion. The signal for the rising is to be the landing in some of our bays or harbors of an armament from America, provided with an ample supply of arms and all the other monitors of war, for the use of those who yearn to throw off the yoke of the saxon." It is also believed that there is at this moment existing in Ireland a secret society, having its headquarters in Dublin, and branches in Cork, Tralee and all other principal towns of the kingdom. This society, it is said, is at this very moment actively engaged in organizing the people and preparing them for the anticipated invasion, having them taught military drill whenever practicable. Thus they will be fitted to avail themselves of the arms that shall be placed in their hands by their friends. It is further hinted, in mysterious language, that certain persons, whose present position hold them back, will assume leading parts in the struggle, when once it is begun."

LITTLE GIRL'S DIRECTNESS.—In a lecture at Portland, Maine, the lecturer, wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts his shell when he has outgrown it, said, "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You cast them aside, do you not?" "Oh no," replied the little one, "we let out the tucks!" The lecturer confessed she had the advantage of him there.

A College student being examined in Locke, where he speaks of our relations to the Deity, was asked, "What relations do we most neglect?" when he answered with great simplicity, "Poor relations, sir."

## WALKER BROS.

### WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Now offer to the public a complete

### WINTER STOCK OF DRY GOODS

Of every description, and are constantly receiving

### NEW GOODS.

Three mule trains to arrive from California, with a large and general assortment of

### MERCHANDISE

FOR EARLY SPRING TRADE.

### ATTENTION! ATTENTION!

CITIZENS OF UTAH,

Bring in Your Produce!!

A. GILBERT,

(Next door to the Salt Lake House,) calls special attention to his large and well selected

### STOCK OF DRY GOODS,

Consisting of

COTTON, WOOLEN, AND MIXED FABRICS,  
CALICOES, SILKS, DRILLINGS, FLANNELS,

and other

### STAPLES.

Selected Expressly for this Market;

Also offers on reasonable terms,

### GROCERIES.

COFFEE, CANDLES, SUGARS,  
SOAP, etc., etc., etc.,

### HARDWARE.

CUTLERY, CROCKERY,  
etc., etc., etc.,

On Terms to Suit.

EXAMINE OUR GOODS AND TRY OUR PRICES.

Highest Cash Prices paid for Grain.

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## BODENBURG & KAHN.

### NEW MERCHANDISE.

Just received from the

EASTERN MARKET,

Consisting in part of the best

### AMERICAN AND ENGLISH PRINTS,

BROWN SHEETINGS, LINSEYS,  
DENIMS, SATINETTS, JEANS,  
CHECKS, FLANNELS, HICK-  
ORY TWEEDS,

And a full assortment of

DRESS GOODS,

Fall and Winter

Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Hardware, Crockery,

And a large and General Stock of

Groceries, Dye Stuffs, Cigars, Tobacco, etc.

Call and Examine our New Stock, at the old stand of

HOPKINS, ELDERIDGE & CO., East Temple street.

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BODENBURG & KAHN.